Would he not ſtumble? would he not fall downe
(Since pride muſt have a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did uſurpe his backe?
Forgiveneſſe horſe; why do I raile on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horſe
And yet I beare a burthen like an Aſſe,
Spur-gall'd, and tyr'd by jauncing *Bullingbrooke*,

Enter Keeper with a diſh.

Keep. Fellow, give place, here is no longer ſtay.
Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wer't away.
Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart ſhall ſay. *Exit.*
Keep. My Lord wilt pleaſe you to fall too?
Rich. Taſte of it firſt, as thou wer't wont to doo.
Keep. My Lord I dare not: Sir *Percy* of Exton,
Who lately came from th King, commands the contrary.
Rich. The divell take *Henry* of Lancaſter, and thee;
Patience is ſtale and I am weary of it.
Keep. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Enter Exton and Servants.

Ri. How now? what meanes death in this rude aſſault?
Villaine, thine owne hand yeilds thy deaths inſtrument,
Goe thou and fill another roome in hell.

Exton ſtrikes him downe.

That hand ſhall burne in never-quenching fire,
That ſtaggers thus my perſon. *Exton*, thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, ſtain'd the Kings owne land.
Mount, mount my ſoule, thy ſeate is up on high,
Whil'ſt my groſſe fleſh ſinkes downeward here to dye.
Ex. As full of valour as of Royall blood.
Both have I ſpilt: Oh would the deed were good,
For now the divell, that told me I did well,
Sayes that this deed is Chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King ile beare,
Take hence the reſt; and give them buriall here. *Exit.*

Scæna

Scæna Qu

Flouriſh, Enter Bulling
other Lords, and
Bul. Vncle Yorke, the lateſt ne
Is that the Rebels have conſum
Our Towne of Ciceter in Gloc
But whether they be tane or ſlai
Enter Northumb
VVelcome my Lord, what is th
Nor. Firſt, to thy ſacred ſtate,
The next newes is, I have to Lo
The heads of *Salisbury*, *Spencer*
The manner of their taking may
At large diſcourſed in this pape
Bul. We thanke thee gentle
And to thy worth will adde rig
Enter Fitz-wat
Fitz. My Lord, I have from
The heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Be*
Two of the dangerous conſorte
That ſought at Oxford, thy dire
Bul. Thy paines *Fitz-water*,
Right Noble is thy merit, well
Enter Percy, and
Per. The grand conſpirator,
VVith clog of conſcience, and
Hath yeilded up his body to th
But here is *Carlile*, living to a
Thy Kingly doome, and ſentenc
Bul. *Carlile*, this is your do
Chooſe out ſome ſecret place,
More than thou haſt, and with
So as thou liv'ſt in peace, dy

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.45)